









[illegible]

**BABY THE FIRST.**

The poet may sing  
Like a bird on the wing,  
And the proper acoustics his quill  
To a talented strain,  
But I cannot to him  
That there's no thing which passes their skill.  
It has never been sung  
By so fearless a tongue  
It has never by you been rehearsed  
How infinitely urbed  
And how much idealized  
In the historical is lady that first!

Not for fleeces of gold  
Upon thrones rolled,  
Not for pearls to the ornament piled,  
Nor for rubies piled,  
Or the great riches of earth,  
Would the mother relinquish that child.  
She would leave the high fire  
Of a hot-sun day  
She would patiently hunger and thirst  
For her scorching brave  
Only for one new-born  
From one young her sweet baby the first!

Oh, that dear little thing  
Is the crown or the king  
Of the household in which it had birth,  
For the mother's love she will have  
Simply ranks it above  
Every creature or object on earth.  
Yes, she fondly contrives  
To believe that it is above  
Is of earthly diseases the worst,  
And its finest ache  
Will induce her to weep  
All the night beside baby the first!

Babies second and third  
Have no reason to "girl"  
At the motherly treatment they get,  
Babies four, five and six  
Are much more intelligent children,  
Each in turn is called "My's little pet"  
But the babies are weaned,  
Number one would indeed  
Take a crew with mamma, if they durst,  
And if they guess how much love is  
For them than for baby the first!

## A MOUNTAIN GIRL.

"What?"

The command was unnecessary, for both horse and driver were willing to stop and rest under the shade of the oaks and poplars that lot July noon.

From early morn'g, when the dew was on the mountain side, until long after dark overhead, Mr. George Slade had driven his faithful horse over the wild, rough mountain roads of the Blue Ridge, and the place was too inviting for him to pass by.

Mr. Slade was a schoolteacher, and his academy, as it was called, stood under the shadow of Mount Luptatech, one of the tallest peaks of the Blue Ridge. He was, at the time of which we speak, returning to his home from the annual meeting of the State Fair away. Some years ago, ravaged by an appalling disease, he had left his native home in Massachusetts for a warmer clime. Attracted by the wild mountain scenery and the balmy air, which seemed to banish his pulmonary troubles, he had made his home among these hardy and hospitable mountaineers. He had again entered upon his old occupation, which he had followed in his early manhood in his New England home, and was now earning a comfortable living for himself in this secluded country. His habits were simple, and his slender income was sufficient to satisfy his wants. He was alone in the world, and he had long ago decided to make his permanent home here among the mountains. It was not long before he became attached to these hardy mountaineers, and he readily accommodated himself to the primitive style of living. Although a man of northern birth and one who had worn the frock coat and top hat to those who had won the gray for honor's sake, in return he stood high in the esteem of all who knew him. His work in the schoolroom was making its impress on the community, and the children were devoutly attached to the patient, white haired old man. It was but seldom that he went out in the busy world which lay beyond the mountains overlooking the lovely valley where he had made his home. On this occasion he was about to take home by a route which was new to him, and the picturesque beauty of this Switzerland of the south had never before made such deep impressions upon him.

A lover's spot to spend the moonlight hour could not have been found. Hard by was a bold spring, gushing out from the foot of the mountain at the head of a valley which sloped gently northward toward the Tennessee. The little stream formed by the spring went dashing down the grade, winding its way among the boulders, now flowing smoothly along over its pebbly bed, then turning with swift current around some steep declivity, soon to reappear as it fell foaming and sparkling in the sunshine over a rocky ledge and again stretching out like a band of silv'ered ribbon until it was lost in the distance, around, on almost every side, the over-arching mountains, reaching up to the cloudless sky, clothed at this season of the year in green foliage, winding their wooded sides and the deep blue color background appearing like the gently rolling waves of the sea. Nestled among the jutting cliffs at the mountain base stood a humble log cabin, and across the road in the little field on the hillside in the growing corn could be seen an ox harnessed to a plow and tilling up the incline, and behind the plow, holding on with all her strength to the handle, was a half grown girl. The attention of Mr. Slade was attracted by the sight of the horse and she was preparing to lead the animal to the ford of the little brook below the spring, was attracted. He saw her, as she reached the end of the row, stopped, and shading her eyes with one hand took up at the sea.

As if satisfied that the nomadic had come, she quickly released the little spotted ox from his trappings. The ox needed no word of command, but turned and moved his way rapidly down the slope to the brook, leading his third mare to follow and reached the stream as soon as the ox had stuck his head to the running water. She stood for several moments with her bare feet in the clear, cold water; then, throwing back her shoulders, she stooped down and washed her hands, and then dipping up the water in her open palms bathed her face, rose with the heat and brushed back her tangled hair. Her toilet was finished.

What a picture!

Standing in the running brook, under the trailing branches of a weeping mountain ivy, with its white and crimson flowers touching her hair, now released from its homespun covering where the sunlight and shadow met and mingled, her cheeks aglow from the morning's toil, and her eyes, like as the other above, turned toward the humble home on the hillside, she was indeed a child of nature—a true type of the mountain girl.

"Good morn'g, miss," said Mr. Slade, who had approached unperceived by the girl, who had been busy with her abstractions.

The girl, startled by the sound of a human voice, sprang from the brook and prepared for flight in the direction of the cabin, but seeing the kindly face of the old gentleman she stopped and acknowledged his salutation with a nod.

"Do you live here?" asked Mr. Slade.

"Yes," she replied, pointing toward the cabin.

"Now," said Mr. Slade as his horse came up from the brook after satisfying his thirst, "can I not get a cool drink from the spring?"

Her story: After awhile pap amused me and got so he could work a little easier with a crutch and walk a little bit. But has told me so low after the war sho and pap had a plenty to live on, but when he come home from Chickamauga it was all gone. Pap is a mighty good man, and he does the best he could, and after awhile when we children was big enough we helped him, and ma, she always helped him. One day just before ma was tuck down sick pap was coming down the mountain, and he fell and broke his leg. The boys wike me and tankes him for him. Poor pap he managed to kinder crawl home, and we all put him to bed, and he is in bed yet and can't turn himself without help. Poor pap! and the blue eyes grow moist, and there was a choking in her throat.

After a short pause she continued her story: "Ma tended him the best she could, and she sold one of the steers—the male to Old Spot, out there—and she tuck the money, and she went—ma she don't doctor who lives over yonder doctor the mountain out the west side of the Hiwassee river to come and see pap. We all prayed while ma was gone that pap might live and git well, and the good Lord, he heard us children, and pap did live, and he was a sight better when ma and the doctor come. The doctor, he looked at pap, and he 'xamined him close, and he held down his head and studied and studied. Finally he looked up and said to nos pap might live a long time, but he could nater get up and walk no more. No said he would do all he could, but he nor any other doctor was able to cure pap—poor pap! But that doctor wouldn't tech ma no money—not a cent of it. He's another one as is goin to heaven when he's dead and buried. Then ma, she tried to keep up, but she got weaker and weaker, and one day when the snow was on the ground, right on to two year ago, she come down to the spring, but she was so weak she couldn't climb up the hill. We children heard her call, and we come a-runnin, and we found her a stiller over there on that rock as white as the snow around. We children got her back to the house. The same doctor, he come, and he give ma physic, but—but ma never got up any more, and when the snow was all gone, and the poplar leaves was all out, and the mountain ivy was bloom, she said she was goin to heaven, and she's there now."

She was silent. Her simple story had been told.

There was something in Mr. Slade's threat which prevented him from speaking, but seeing the girl about to leave he asked, "Who makes a living for you all?"

"Mo and Old Spot," was the quick reply.

"Can your father do nothing?"

"Oh, yes, pay dues a lump. He's mighty nimble with his hands, if he can't turn over without help. We children gathers straw and broom corn for him, and he makes hats and little baskets and brooms, and the doctor, he takes and sells 'em for pap, and that money buys us clothes and shoes and sometimes a piece of bacon. Then the old cow—we call her Beauty—she gives us milk, and mo and Old Spot makes the bread. Oh, we is all den to 'is well. Then pap helps us with our books, and I can read plain and plain writin, and Lucy and Sallie, they knows their letters and spell little bits of words. But when I kender how to pan saye God, I can't provide a verse for us to know all they to know—I'll learn 'em all about the mountains, and the stars, and the big world that is over yonder across the mountains. But I must go and turn pap and help the children with the dinner."

And she bounded up the hill like a deer.

"Tell your father I will come in a few moments to see him," he called out to her.

She bowed and as she entered the cabin door, and nudged her head.

Half an hour afterward Mr. Slade was seated in the humble home of the mountain girl. Her story was too true. There, stretched on a lowly bed, lay the poor paralytic, dead from his arms down, with his snow white hair—whitened not so much by the frosts of time as by the agony of suffering—brushed smoothly back from his brow. It was the emblem of poverty. There was but one thing to comfort him, and that was the most primitive ideal. There were two doors, both standing wide open, and the bell of the invalid was wheeled in the middle of the room, in order that he might catch the gentle breeze which came so refreshingly down the mountain side. Over the fireplace on a rough shelf were a few well worn books and a broken jar, filled with the white and crimson blossoms of the mountain ivy and the white and blue violets, gathered that morning on the banks of the meandering creek.

And that old man was bright and cheerful!

All means that were in his reach had been used to restore him to vitality, but hope had fled, and he knew that he would never again rise up and walk. Life, even to him, had not lost all its joy and beauty. Upon him he rested for sinces all mid, for the younger sisters were kind to him, and he could be indulgent.

Into her mind and soul he introduced a love for the beautiful, discernible in so many varied forms in the wild mountain scenery around their picturesque though humble home. Like the sunflower which grows so luxuriantly in this southern clime, his bond was revivified around so that he

"Oh, yes! I've got a gourd there," replied the girl as she led the way to the spring.

Taking a large gourd which hung on a broken bough of a poplar tree over-shadowing the spring, she dipped it brimming full of the ice cold water to the thirsty traveler.

"Ah, that's a drink fit for a king," said the gentleman after he had almost drained the contents of the gourd.

"That's what pay says," said the maid. "There hasn't so colder water in the Blue Ridge," she continued, filling the gourd again and putting it to her lips.

"Who is pay?" asked Mr. Blado.

"Pay! Why he is my father."

"I know that, but I intended to ask his name."

"John Blado. Nowadays, people as knows him calls him Cap'n Blado, 'cause, you see, he was in the big war."

"What's your name, my child?"

"Ida."

"Where's your mother, Ida?"

"Mother's gone to heaven more 'an two year ago lastwasy, the snif she was in there, and I believe it. See," she said softly, pointing to a mound on the hillside near the cottage.

"And have you no brothers?"

"Nary one, only two little sisters, Lucy and Sallie."

"Where is your father? Why is he not plowing instead of you?"

"See here, mister, pay isn't able to plow nor do nothin else. He can't walk nor set up. He's got what they call a par'lysis. I told you as how pay was in the war. Well, over yonder at Chickamauga, where there was a big fight, the Yankees shot pay two times, and they almost killed him. I hate Yankees, don't you?"

CONA saw the morning sunlight as it streamed in through the door facing the east, and again, when the sun went down behind the mountain in the west, he loved for the last rays to fall in all their golden glory upon his head. Often when the moon was flooding mountain and stream and valley with moonlight he would ask Ida to behold his bed near the open door, and then, with her hand in his, they would look down the mountain valley and see the winding streamlet, with its banks lined with flowering ivy and laurel, looking like ghostly sentinels keeping silent watch over their mountain home. And they thanked God for it all.

Captain Hall had done what he could with his imperfect education to give Ida some knowledge of books, as the well-thumbed volumes on the shelf testified. While her language was rude and imperfect and her information very limited, her aspirations had been kindled to the point where she longed for the which she herself scarcely knew. Her life of toil, so hard for one of her sex and tender years, was sweetened by those longings which had begun to spring in her soul. She drew inspiration from all the objects around her—the grand old mountains, the hinkly woodlands, the cooing dove and the fretting squirrel, the bubbling spring and the running brook.

Mr. Slade had fastened his horse to the vehicle and was ready to depart as the sun showed the ford of the brook, and whistling for the cow was preparing to return to her plowing on the hillside.

"Ida," he said, "how would you like to go to school and learn?"

"Go to school!" she interrupted. Her blue eyes kindled as she continued, "Ask me if I like to drink out of this

**HYMN**

Words by **BEN JOHNSON**

*Moderato.*

to me on ly wid  
sent three late a rog

# MN TO DI

1. Mus

thine eyes, And I will pted,  
y wreath, Not so much hon

ANA.

ic by CARLISE ST. JOHN.

1. Dink  
2. 1

*pp*

age with nine; Or  
or ing thee, As

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## HYMN TO DIANA.

Words by BEN JOHNSON.

Music by CARLISE ST. JOHN.

*Moderato*

1. Dink  
2. 1

*pp*

to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine: Or  
sent thee late a rosy wreath, Not so much hun - or - ing thee, As

leave a kiss but in the cup, And I'll not look for wine, The  
giv - ing it a hope that there it could not with - e'd be; Hut

thirst that from the soul doth rise, Duth ask a drink di - vine; Hut  
thou there on - ly breathe, And sent it back in me; Since

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*rall.*


might I of Jove's bee - lar sup, I would not change for thine; But  
when it grows and swells, I swear, Not of it - self, but thee; Since

*rall.*

*rit.*

might I of love's nec - tar sup, I would not change for thine. Drink  
when it grows and smells, I swear, Not of it - self, but thee; I

sent thee late a rose - y wreath, No! so much hon - or - ing thee. As giv - ing it a



in the cup, And I'll not look for wine.  
hope that there It could not with-er'd be.

<p><b>F. BAUER</b></p> <p><b>ARTIST</b></p> <p>Persons given in painting and drawing, Landscapes, figures, flowers, etc.</p> <p><b>Studio, Room 2, Edgerly Block Fresno, Cal.</b></p> <p><b>HUNGARY PLANT</b></p>	<p><b>Notice of Sale of Real Estate Under Execution.</b></p> <p>Sherriff's Sale No. 5,073</p> <p>Kutner-Goldstein Co., (in corporation) vs. Anton Woods.</p> <p>BY VIRTUE OF AN EXECUTION ISSUED out of the Superior Court of the County of Fresno of the State of California, wherein Kutner-Goldstein Co. (in corporation), plaintiff, and Alton Woods, defendant, upon a judgment rendered by the latter of August 1st, 1904, for the sum of \$957.88—100 dollars, lawfully money, besides costs and interest, I have this day levied upon all the right title, claim and interest of said defendant, Alton Woods, of, in and to the following described real estate, to-wit:</p> <p>Lots 21, 27 and 28 in block A, of Whitson's addition to the town front city of Selma according to the map of said addition on file and of record in the office of the county recorder of Fresno county, California.</p> <p>Public notice is hereby given that I will, on Monday, July 25th day of April, A. D. 1905, at 2 o'clock p.m. of said day, in front of the court house door of the County of Fresno, sell at public auction, for lawful money, all the right title, claim and interest of said defendant Alton Woods, on the day whereon said judgment was docketed or any time thereafter, in and to the above described property, of so much thereof as may be necessary to raise to said plaintiff the said judgment with interest and costs, and to the amount and best balance remaining due to him.</p> <p>Dated, Fresno, April 6th, 1905.</p> <p>J. H. ROY, Sheriff.</p>	<p><b>Delinquent Notice.</b></p> <p>The Fresno and Pinto Ridge Toll Road company.</p> <p><b>NOTICE—THERE ARE DELINQUENT UPON</b> the following described stock, on account of assessments levied on the 16th day of February, 1905, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:</p> <table border="1"> <thead> <tr> <th>Name.</th> <th>No. CERT.</th> <th>SHARES.</th> <th>Amts. Due.</th> </tr> </thead> <tbody> <tr> <td>C. J. Lillie</td> <td>1-4-28</td> <td>1</td> <td>\$20.00</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Chas. Heard</td> <td>1B 124</td> <td>16</td> <td>75.00</td> </tr> <tr> <td>John Ferguson</td> <td>" "</td> <td>15</td> <td>60.00</td> </tr> <tr> <td>M. Hendrick</td> <td>82</td> <td>82</td> <td>31.50</td> </tr> <tr> <td>E. J. Musick &amp; Son</td> <td>87</td> <td>87</td> <td>75.00</td> </tr> <tr> <td>R. N. Johnson</td> <td>27</td> <td>27</td> <td>7.50</td> </tr> <tr> <td>W. S. Mendenhall</td> <td>27</td> <td>8</td> <td>7.50</td> </tr> <tr> <td>W. J. Helmsford</td> <td>44-63</td> <td>124</td> <td>18.75</td> </tr> <tr> <td>B. W. Koyne</td> <td>58</td> <td>58</td> <td>9.00</td> </tr> <tr> <td>P. H. Noble</td> <td>50</td> <td>34</td> <td>2.25</td> </tr> <tr> <td>T. H. Mohr</td> <td>65-64</td> <td>58</td> <td>12.18</td> </tr> <tr> <td>T. B. Englehart</td> <td>58</td> <td>61</td> <td>14.64</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Geo. H. Foster</td> <td>59</td> <td>122</td> <td>17.25</td> </tr> <tr> <td>F. R. Anderson</td> <td>58-64</td> <td>61</td> <td>35.75</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Miss Mrs. M. J. Helmsford</td> <td>58</td> <td>60</td> <td>10.75</td> </tr> </tbody> </table> <p>And in accordance with law and an order of the Board of Directors, made the 15th day of February, 1905, so many shares of each parcel of stock held as may be necessary will be sold at public sale, to wit: On the 16th day of March, commencing at Fresno, California, and ending at the City of Los Angeles, California, at the hour of 7.30 o'clock p.m. on said day, to the highest bidder, cash payments together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.</p> <p>Fresno city, California, April 1st, 1905.</p>	Name.	No. CERT.	SHARES.	Amts. Due.	C. J. Lillie	1-4-28	1	\$20.00	Chas. Heard	1B 124	16	75.00	John Ferguson	" "	15	60.00	M. Hendrick	82	82	31.50	E. J. Musick & Son	87	87	75.00	R. N. Johnson	27	27	7.50	W. S. Mendenhall	27	8	7.50	W. J. Helmsford	44-63	124	18.75	B. W. Koyne	58	58	9.00	P. H. Noble	50	34	2.25	T. H. Mohr	65-64	58	12.18	T. B. Englehart	58	61	14.64	Geo. H. Foster	59	122	17.25	F. R. Anderson	58-64	61	35.75	Miss Mrs. M. J. Helmsford	58	60	10.75
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Ordinance No. 10.  
An ordinance calling a  
meeting of the Board of  
and submitting to  
the voters of the city of  
the question of incurring a debt  
to complete the sewer sys-  
tem of the city of Fresno.  
THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS  
of Fresno do hereby call a  
meeting of the voters of the  
city of Fresno to be held on  
the 14th day of May, 1909,  
at 7 o'clock P. M., at the  
city hall, for the purpose of  
voting upon the following  
question, to-wit: Shall the  
city of Fresno incur a debt  
of \$100,000 to complete the  
sewer system of the city?  
The Board of Supervisors  
of the city of Fresno, in  
accordance with the provisions  
of the constitution and  
the laws of the State of  
California, do hereby call a  
meeting of the voters of the  
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The cost of the atomic bomb put the United States in a great need to build up its armament. It was necessary to have more money to be able to meet these needs to equip the army and the navy. It was necessary to have more money to be able to meet these needs to equip the army and the navy.

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...and a B. Herce, ...  
...John H. Hines, Wm. ...  
...Inspector, James and ...  
...entering upon their respective ...  
...ph. Hines of state and county ...  
...prints shall be open at said ...  
...until 5 o'clock on the after ...  
...of the said polls shall be ...  
...in the town of election shall ...  
...vote of the precinct to act ...  
...especially in Brown county ...  
...the said election shall be ...  
...two persons shall be eligible to ...  
...an election board or as a clerk ...  
...suggs.

...one of the officers of elec ...  
...the said election board to ...  
...with the election attending ...  
...fill all their places by appointing ...  
...print.

...shall be eligible to ...  
...better unless he is an officer of ...  
...county, enrolled upon the Great ...  
...of said election in the precinct ...  
...of said election in the precinct ...  
...of said election in the precinct ...  
...of the county shall be 10, and ...  
...same are not upon said print ...

[illegible]

**F. BAUER**  
**ARTIST**  
Lessons given in painting and drawing. Land-  
scapes, figures, flowers, etc.  
Studio, Room 2, Edgerly Block  
Fresno, Cal.



**BARLEY BOUGHT, ROLLED & SOLD**  
 Patent Kitchen Tables, \$2-75.  
 Egg Cases, Complete, 65c.  
 Handquarters for Window Glass.  
 See Men's Supplies a specialty.

**Notice of Sale of Real Estate Under Execution.**  
Sheriff's Sale No. 5,573  
Knutner-Goldstein Co. (a corporation) v.  
Allan Woods.

**BY VIRTUE OF AN EXECUTION** issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Alameda, State of California, in and to the said Knutner-Goldstein Co. (a corporation) Plaintiff, and Allan Woods, defendant, upon a judgment rendered in said court on the 12th day of January, 1924, for the sum of \$257.60 (two hundred and fifty seven dollars and 60 cents), with interest thereon, and costs, I, the undersigned, have the honor to advise that I will, on Monday, the 25th day of April, A. D. 1925, at 10 o'clock p. m. of said day, in front of the County Jail, in the City of San Francisco, California, sell at public auction, for the law money, all the right, title and interest of said defendant, Allan Woods, on the day whereon said judgment was docketed, and of any claim thereto, or claim in respect thereto, with interest thereon, so far as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment, with interest thereon, and costs, etc., to the Plaintiff and said Sheriff.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court, at San Francisco, April 21st, 1925.

JOHN W. BROWN, Sheriff.

**Delinquent Notice.**

The Fresno and Pinedale Toll Road com-  
pany.

**NOTICE—THERE ARE DELINQUENT UP-  
ON** the following described stock, on account  
of the same being levied on the 15th day of  
MAY, 1935, the several amounts set opposite  
the names of the respective shareholders.

NAME.	NO. OF SHARES.	AMOUNT DUE.
D. J. Hall.....	1 1/2	\$1.50
Chas. Reid.....	11	12.00
E. B. Brown.....	10	10.00
J. M. Huggell.....	62	2.00
J. J. Brockle & Sons.....	27	8.00
E. B. Brown.....	27	8.00
W. H. Thomas.....	67	8.00
W. H. Thomas.....	41 1/2	3.00
B. W. Kenyon.....	48	4.00
C. H. Brown.....	48	4.00
C. H. Brown.....	55 1/4	4.00
T. B. Engstrom.....	54	1.00
J. H. Huggell.....	38	62.00
J. H. Huggell.....	38	62.00
M. C. Huggell.....	38	62.00

And in accordance with law and the  
Board of Directors, made the 15th day  
of MAY, public notice is hereby given that  
all of such stock as may be necessary will  
be sold at public auction, the first day of  
JUNE, 1935, at 10 o'clock, A. M., at the  
J. H. Huggell, Fresno, California, the  
first day of April, 1935, at the hour of  
10 o'clock, A. M., to be to be sold at  
public auction, together with cost of advertising  
thereon.

Fresno City, California, April 15, 1935.

[illegible][illegible]



